

Loyola News

VOL. XXIII—No. 7.

LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL, CANADA

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1946



Pictured above just after the ceremony attending the departure of five Loyola men to the Indian Missions are, left to right: Bro. Robin, S.J., Fr. MacKay, S.J., Fr. Stanford, S.J., Very Reverend John L. Swain, S.J., His Excellency Bishop Whelan, Fr. Prendergast, S.J., Fr. Daly, S.J., and Fr. Martin J. Reed.

Five Loyola Men Sail To Open Jesuit Mission

December the twelfth saw the departure of the first band of English-speaking Canadian Jesuits to the foreign Missions. The group, composed of four priests, all graduates of Loyola, and one lay brother, left Halifax for England, on the first lap of their long journey to the northern wilds of India where they will work with the Missionaries from the Belgian province.

The four priests, Rev. Fathers Maurice Stanford, William Daly, William Mackey and John Prendergast, are all well known to Loyola students because of their close association with the College during the past several years. Brother Paul Robin, S.J., is also well known because of the many friends he made during his three years in our midst.

The new missionaries were given a rousing send-off from their former College last Monday when a colourful religious ceremony was conducted by His Excellency Bishop Whelan and the Rev. John L. Swain, S.J., Provincial of the Upper Canadian Province. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Martin P. Reid, pastor of the Parish of St. Augustine of Canterbury. Following the Benediction a reception was tendered the departing Jesuits and their friends by the Loyola Mothers' Guild in the gymnasium of the new central building.

This is the first time that a band of Canadian Jesuits from the Upper Canadian province has taken a foreign assignment, and though for the present it will be in an auxiliary capacity only, it is hoped that in a few months time they will relieve the Belgian Fathers who now occupy this territory of Darjeeling, four hundred miles north of Calcutta.

Father Maurice Stanford, S.J., is a former Moderator of the Loyola News, and is widely known in Montreal for his work with the young people of the city in the capacity of Moderator of the Montreal Inter-School Sodality Association. Fr. Mackey spent his three years of Regency at St. Jean de Brebeuf College where he lectured in English, whence he proceeded to the Immaculate Conception College to complete his theological studies. Fr. John Prendergast spent his years of regency at Campion College in Regina, and Fr. Daly taught at St. Paul's in Winnipeg and completed his studies at St. Mary's College in Kansas.

Ben Garneau Elected Pres. Of Freshman Year

Recently in Freshman class, the honorary president, Mr. Robert Boyle of Sophomore Arts and Mr. Lorne Camirand, president of the C.S.R., conducted the elections for the two class officials.

Mr. Ben Garneau has been elected president of the Arts and of the Sciences groups, and in accordance with the policy of having one official from each of the two courses, Mr. Hanley of the Science group has been elected the vice-president of the class.

Both these men are veterans, Mr. Garneau having served with the United States Army, while Mr. Hanley spent some time with the R.C.A.S.C.

Fr. Noll Chaplain Of National Student Group

It has been announced that following the annual convention of the Canadian Federation of Catholic Students in Toronto last month, Rev. F. W. Noll S.J. of Loyola was asked to accept the post of chaplain to the organization. Fr. Noll who accompanied the Loyola delegation as its faculty member in the remarks he made at the various sessions showed keen insight into the problems that the Federation was organized to deal with and made a very fine impression at the conference.

Loyola too can bask in the reflection of the honour accepted by Fr. Noll and the News offers its sincere congratulations to him as well as its best wishes for success in his new duties.

Communism Held To True Light—Dismal Picture

I CHOOSE FREEDOM—by Victor Kravchenko (496 pages)

This book is perhaps one of the most provocative political works of the last decade. It is a harsh and outspoken indictment of Russian Communism and of the Soviet dictator Josef Stalin, and while it might appear to some as a distortion of the truth and a series of lies it was intended by the author to be subjective exposition of life within Russia as viewed through the eyes of a Party member. Kravchenko tries to refute such books as Mission to Moscow, written by Joseph Davies former U.S. Ambassador to Russia, which he considers gross albeit unintentional, misrepresentation of fact.

Kravchenko describes his life as an eager young Comsomol, inflamed by the ideals of the revolutionary period, seeking to play his part in the new Russia. He narrates how after he had joined the Party he clung desperately and steadfastly to Communist tenets with an intensity inspired by an ardent hope in the future. Balked

Frosh Turkey Trot Will Top Christmas Social Season

The highlight of the winter festive season, the annual Freshman social, is due this year to be held on the day after Christmas, December 26th., at Victoria Hall, due to start at 8:30 p.m. The well known orchestra of Larry Edwards has been contracted to attend, and provide suitable background music for the entertainment planned by the President of the Freshman Class, Mr. Ben Garneau. Just what this entertainment will be is still a matter of great secrecy, but judging from the exhibitions of the Freshman Glee Club and Choral Group it would not be too surprising if they figured prominently in the evening's festivities.

at every step by the omnipresent N.K.V.D., plagued by the short-sighted industrial policies of the Politburo, surrounded by hunger and wretchedness, by slave labour battalions and utter disregard for individual rights, his hope dwindles and during the super-purge of the 1930's he is seized by despair. What was formerly love is converted into hate—hate of all that Communism implies

Since this is possibly the outstanding event of the Christmas season, very popular among the graduates and friends of the college, a large attendance is expected. Therefore, all students wishing to attend are urged to obtain their tickets from their class representatives before the limited supply is exhausted. The social itself is technically classed as a "Turkey Trot." Whether those attending are expected to provide their own turkeys, or whether these will be given away during the course of the evening is still a matter of some speculation. However, in any event a good time should be had by all, so the date should be kept in mind.

Mothers Guild President Leaves For Vancouver

Mrs. E. G. O'Brien Succeeds To Office

At the regular meeting of the Loyola Mothers' Guild held in Loyola Auditorium on Friday afternoon, it was announced that the President of the Mothers' Guild is shortly to leave for Vancouver where she will make her future home. A large number of Guild Members were present at the meeting to bid official farewell to their President at her last official meeting. Appreciation for the very valuable services of the President during her term of office was expressed in the name of all members and especially of the Executive by the Moderator, Fr. MacGilvray. Mrs. Ready in reply thanked the Guild Members for their valuable cooperation which, as she said—"made her task both easy and pleasant". She then introduced to the meeting Mrs. E. G. O'Brien—First Vice Pres. of The Guild who will act as President after the departure of Mrs. Ready.

As a feature of the meeting a debate was presented by the Loyola Debating Society. The subject was, resolved 'that the Nuremberg trials were morally and legally justified.' Hugh Pocock and Mark Gervais, both of Freshman Arts upheld the affirmative, while the negative attack was undertaken by Carol Laurin of Junior Arts, and Henry Gieves of Freshman Arts. Paul Orr president of the Debating Society, acted as Chairman, and the audience made the decision as to who emerged victorious.

It was announced that the annual Guild Bridge would be held in the Central Building on Feb. 5 1947.

COMMUNION BREAKFAST

The attendance at the regular Communion Breakfast on Thursday morning is steadily increasing. Compared to last year's forty or fifty odd students the two-hundred who now fill the chapel at Mass is most encouraging.

The Moderator Father Daly has been reminding the Sodalists of the following points: Visits to the Chapel at break should be more frequent; Swearing should be heard less around the grounds. If these things are kept in mind the Sodalists and others would be looked up to by everyone.

Father Rector's Message

In wishing you all the joys and happiness of Christmas, my mind naturally turns to the great blessings we can all receive from the Child of Bethlehem. I sincerely hope your Christmas holidays will be enjoyable. I hope, too, that at the Christmas Crib you will realize more fully the responsibility that is yours to grow in the knowledge and love of Christ and to fashion your characters according to the Ideal He set before us while on earth.

But it is not enough to contemplate and admire that moral miracle we call the Character of Christ. In addition to sharing the grace Our Divine Lord died to give us, St. Paul's words bidding us "put on Christ" signify nothing if not the solemn obligation for every Christian to wear through time into eternity the authentic stamp and hallmark of Christ — a Christian character. To our native endowment of personal temperament we must add through grace and effort those Christian virtues which prompt and help us to think and speak and act like Christ.

To the stable-cave of Bethlehem Christ came poor, proclaiming that His mission and the means through which He would achieve it were spiritual not temporal; humble, to teach the folly of human pride and earthly glory; obedient to His Heavenly Father and earthly Mother to teach the wisdom and necessity of complete submission to the Will of God; meek, to teach the weakness of violence and the unfailing strength of gentleness.

If character be "life dominated by principle", then to none better than to the Author of life can we turn to learn the principles that must guide our life and to receive the strength to live it.

Your future, both in time and in eternity, my dear students, the future of those who will depend upon you and in some measure the future of Canada and of the world rests in your hands. Conscious of your great responsibility I beg of you in this Holy Season of Christmas to look urgently and prayerfully to Bethlehem for the guidance and strength to develop during these formative years of your youth strong and genuine Christian characters.

May the Christ Child awaken in the mind of each Loyola student a profound understanding of the significance and need of Christian character and in the heart of each an unquenchable desire to mould himself to its pattern. I will offer mass on Christmas morning that He will give to you and to your families that joy and happiness which He alone can give since it is a foretaste of the joy He holds in store for those who love Him.

Edward M. Brown, S.J.

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KNOW YOU ISAAC JOGUES?

"Know you Isaac Jogues?" So ran the poem in the grade school reader, and today Catholics the world over know of Isaac Jogues and his valiant companions, and what feats they performed for Christ as missionaries to the New world. Now it is demonstrated once again that the Martyr's blood of those French Jesuits has enriched fertile soil indeed, for the barbaric land where they laboured and died for the cause of Christ has brought forth great and wonderous fruit. Next Thursday five Canadian Jesuits reared on the glorious traditions of their order and with the example of those Canadian Martyrs as inspiration, leave on the first part of the long journey to their new mission in India. In so doing they will but be following the trail of other members of their famous order. For the Society of Jesus, the quick-moving hard-striking light-cavalry of the Church, begun by the Soldier-Saint Ignatius, has always been in the vanguard of the Church militant since its inception in 1540. First to enter the pagan lands of China and Japan they were also among the first into India. And now in the steps of these glorious successors and soldiers go five Canadian Jesuits. With these men who are sacrificing all the joys, comforts, friends and associations of their home land to venture into the mission field of India, go the prayers and good wishes of all Catholic Canada. We at Loyola feel a special pride and suffer also a particular loss in their going because of their close associations with us. We bid these men Godspeed with pride, but with prayerful hearts. Think you that they know not Isaac Jogues? Have not patterned themselves after that glorious Canadian Saint and missionary? Ask the Catholics of Canada. Ask of their fellow Jesuits, who so long to be going with them, and who take such justifiable pride in their venture. Speak to their students of former years and the Loyola students of today. Seek for an answer from their sacrificing parents who will see them not for many years to come. Better still, ask of them themselves: "Know You Isaac Jogues?"

PEACE ON EARTH

Only a year ago the News saw fit to herald the advent of the first peace-time Christmas in six years with an editorial that fairly brimmed with high hopes for a true peace and the final realization by the world of that age old dream of the universal brotherhood of man providing the basis of genuine accord among nations. How near the world has come to achieving such a state during the year is something about which we cannot be particularly well satisfied. The world is still torn asunder by nations placing their own selfish interests ahead of the common goal and consequently finding themselves unable to agree on so many vital issues, by the endless conflicts of apparently incompatible ideologies, and fundamentally by the absence of a spirit of real charity underlying their deliberations.

Yet as the season of Christmas approaches bright patches are seen to appear in the turbulent skies and one wonders if a sort of Christmas spirit, which is after all the spirit of Christ has not made manifest itself in even the hardest of hearts. Certainly the adoption of such a spirit by nations, by internal groups, and by individuals is the only solution to the manifold problems of the world.

By us, as students, the holiday season is primarily considered as a time for relaxation and rejoicing and there is a great deal of justification for such an attitude, so long as the true meaning of Christmas is not lost to our sight. If we were to retain along with our memories of pleasant times enjoyed during the season the resolve to live out the new year influenced in large measure by the spirit of Christian charity which cannot help but pervade the souls of all on Christmas Eve, the future will assuredly take care of itself.

The Inquiring Photographer

By RUDY DOLLFUSS

What extra-curricular activity interests you most?

John McIntyre, Freshman Arts: Dramatics is my favourite extra-



curricular activity for it is there that a student has the opportunity to combine the reception of a very valuable training with a great deal of enjoyment and satisfaction. Appearance in one of the Dramatic society's yearly presentations is an experience never to be forgotten. The excitement preceding the rise of the curtain on opening night, the emotions experienced as one realizes that the play is going well and that the audience is enjoying it, and that final surge of satisfaction as the last curtain drops . . . all of this makes those long months of rehearsals well worth while. Yes, all Loyola's extra-curricular activities hold a great deal of interest for me, but dramatics easily takes first place in my heart.

Tom Brown, Fresh. Science: There are many activities which



interest me, but I think that football is my first choice. Why? Because I have played football for five years, and in that time I have learned that it is more than a sport . . . it is a teacher and a character builder. The sodality is my second choice, and although I have only recently joined, I consider it another favourite activity.

Eddy O'Brien, Junior Arts: My favourite extra-curricular activity is swimming. I like swimming because it not only combines exercise with pleasure but it is also a very useful accomplishment. Some day it may mean all the difference between life and death to you.



Bob Marchessault, Freshman Science: I believe that hockey gets the nod in that field. First of all it is a fast and exciting sport which is equally interesting from the player's or the spectator's point of view, and secondly it is a game which can be enjoyed even by a single player, playing alone. For an evening of study I find there is no better preparation than a nice relaxing game of hockey among friends. (Wear shinpads, of course.)



John Walsh, Junior Arts: My favourite extra-curricular activities are debating and dramatics, because these activities are a combination of business and pleasure. Debating enables a person to practice the art of thinking, the principles of which we learn daily in our classrooms. Dramatics also consist in a blending of natural talents with careful and polished training.

Under the Tower

With Paul Orr

With the advent of the first snowfall there came once more to Loyola the home of philosophers and scientists (and a small minority as yet unclassified) the age-old problem of obtaining noon-time nourishment without at the same time running the risk of receiving a snowball in the face. Once the snow arrives the path to Mme Blais, purveyor of food to the elite is fraught with danger, being lined with youngsters entirely lacking in the proper respect for the upper classmen and armed with large, hard snowballs. These gentry line the road, pop out from behind bushes, automobiles and fences to hurl their missiles at the unhappy lunch-goers. These gentlemen, their sporting blood quickening at the encounter, and with all the daring of their pioneer forefathers, have risen to the challenge and still travel westward every day. However we would hate to think that young winter commandos are made up of younger Loyola students. All their actions are entirely opposed to the traditions of the true Loyola man. After all, with all the athletic training we receive here we should be able to throw snowballs straighter than that.

As everybody knows next week the five Jesuit Missionaries are beginning their long journey to India, and we certainly have great reason to be proud of them. One man in particular, Fr. Maurice Stanford S.J., is particularly known to the students of Montreal and in particular the staff of the News. For two years he was in charge of the sodalities in Montreal and at the same time was the moderator of this publication. It was certainly no mere accident of circumstances that during his two years association with us the News improved tremendously. True, there were two outstanding editors during that period as well, but Fr. Stanford did much to raise the literary standard of the paper. Any article which did not come up to his high ideals of the way English should be written was handed back with the request to write it over, and quite justifiably so. We wish him all the best of luck on his new assignment, and knowing his interest in Journalism it would not surprise us a bit if to this office in the near future there came a newspaper labeled the "The Darjeeling Pundit."

Since the mention of a small fire in the last issue, it has been drawn to our attention that another small conflagration broke out in one of the labs recently. Apparently once the blaze had got properly under way Paul Shaughnessy, inspired no doubt by the admirable and valiant efforts of Mr. Gough the week before, rushed to the scene and dealt with the problem in a highly creditable fashion. Failing in his first attempt to remove all combustible materials within reach of the fire by tearing the lab apart barehanded, he then attempted to smother the flames. Lab coats, towels, Fountain Pens, Mr. Shaughnessy's number eleven brogues and a passing demonstrator were placed on top of the fire and finally succeeded in extinguishing it. Passing Arts students looked upon the whole affair with the indifference they have adopted toward the weird machinations of these scientists. One Junior, having benefitted from an exhaustive two months course in chemistry, surveyed the scene for a while in silence and when asked what was going on claimed that it was merely a simple demonstration of the Law of Conservation of Mass.

After the last issue had appeared several men took a quick look at the headline U.N. Veto I.U.D.L. topic and immediately set up a loud roar of protest. "How" they asked, of their patron Saints and listening smokers, "How did the U.N. manage to muscle into the debating league and what right had they to veto our topic." No answer being received the question was proposed to the debating executive who pointed out that the topic of Debate was the Veto power of the U.N. Another complaint was that we had managed to ruin Mr. Cox's sonnet. This was quite true, since the last line managed to appear right in the middle. Since the only man on the staff with enough culture to catch such mistakes was away for the week-end, the mistake went unnoticed, and we apologize very deeply to the author. From now on, if you notice that certain members of the staff look rather uncomfortable, it will be explained by the fact that they are now wearing hair shirts in repentance for their sins.

It has come to our attention that a local company, in what seems a cheap commercial attempt to cash in on the value of a famous name have labeled their product "Champ" after the schools famous president and Bon Vivant Champ Camirand. Since the item in question is a cleanser and food remover it occurred to us that they were possibly inspired to the name by the masterful way in which Champ removes all spots and stains from any food bearing table at which he has been sitting.

Incidentally, we noticed when we last glanced at the calendar that Dec. 25 is fast approaching, so knowing that any good wishes at this time just before the exams would go unheeded, we wish that after the Holidays do commence, you would reread this column and accept our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

High School Highlights

By DEREK KEARNEY

The most important event of the past month by all odds was the return of Jan Poczubot. Jan was stricken with chicken pox and had to retire from the public eye. On his return he found that 4A had initiated proceedings against him for breach of the Official Secrets Act. A rather dirty trick, all things considered and especially as it was done without his knowledge; but he arrived back in time to sway the sentiments of the jury. Also, the judge didn't have a little black cap so it was necessary to acquit him.

Jimmy Pyne objected to his name being spelled "Payne" . . . not our mistake by the way . . . but it does seem something of a coincidence. However, most profound apologies to Mr. Pyne. Remember James that into every little bit of fiction some truth is sure to creep.

Because of the prevalence of flu during the winter months, inoculations are being given to the more courageous souls who are willing to offer themselves to the cause of science. A large number of volunteers came forward, and only a few were done on the first day. It is surprising how many are willing and gullible enough to sacrifice their alibis for the rest of the winter. The first lad to be jabbed, more of less of a practice shot, was very small. (They don't wiggle so much, and are easy to hold.) The only difficulty was that the poor boy decided at the eleventh hour to withdraw, and it took some time to straighten things out. By a strange coincidence, it happened that the inoculations were given right after the test, and just before the weekend . . . in case of deaths, as the bodies could be disposed of before Monday. Really, though, it wasn't bad at all.

Don Pare, the darling of 4B, has made quite a hit with the teen-agers of Montreal—all in the line of duty, of course. Loyola's own Lothario is modelling modes at Eaton's.

Alec MacPherson has been entertaining the Dorm. with his unusual pedal dexterity. Being ambitious, he plans to advance to such things as simultaneous knitting.

The Trinidadians under Pete Mendes have organized yet another club. As this club depends on secrecy for its existence, it cannot be given a name. However, if anyone feels curious, they may be able to get some hint of its nature from Father Monaghan who has managed to solve the mystery.

Moe Latour seems to be a budding Iturbi. The other day he gave a command performance for several enthusiasts, and he might never have been allowed to stop, had not Professor Drouin come to his rescue.

Sean, "It's the little cards

Sodality Drive For City's Poor Gets Underway

The annual Christmas Poor Drive, sponsored by the Sodality, started last week. It has been the custom at Loyola for a number of years, for the boys to bring in food, especially canned goods, clothing that has been used, yet still in good condition, and toys. These articles are distributed to the unfortunate of our own city of Montreal who are in need of these things. Last year the campaign was very successful especially in the High School, as over five hundred tins of food were given to the poor, as well as the other articles. This year Our Lady's committee has appointed a member of each class to look after the collection and the depot and storage place is the old book store in the Central Building. The objective for the food part of the drive is two cans per boy each week and only the generous support of everyone, Sodalists and others, will make this worthy project a complete success.

that count" McEvenue, Toronto's own native son, has shown that he is not at all backward in extra curricular activities. Although he has suffered somewhat from the acid remarks of his less fortunate friends, he has at last found his place in society. Mr. McEvenue is noted for his fancy bridge playing. Whenever he loses a hand he gives his partner a pained look and says in effect, "If you only understood my method of bidding, we would have made the hand." Sean deserves to be nominated "The Most Misunderstood Boy at Loyola."

Bruce Aubin, a really hard-

working gent, is the editor of 4A's weekly paper. Seems that we won't have to look very far from home to find a successor to the famous "Voice of 2B," which, as the older boys may remember, was put out four years ago.

The first few inches of snow brought the Spanish boys out in force, led by Francisco Gonzales. Time will probably change all this snow enthusiasm, so we will see. . .

Harry Wormald

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The Fume Closet

By BILL PELTON

Whatever might be said concerning the merits of a Science Course education it stands in need of a considerable modification. Admittedly the study of the physical science affords one tremendous opportunities for intellectual development but in the social sphere the results are disastrous. Chemists wander about with wan expressions on their faces and peculiar disagreeable odours on their persons. Engineers are at a loss without a set square and an engineering handbook. Mathematicians pass you by mumbling something about infinite processes, and physicists, to whom new vistas of learning have been opened, are preoccupied with such insidious contraptions as cyclotrons and atomic bombs.

While philosophy explains everything by its ultimate cause, thermo-dynamics is not very far behind. If your father happens to be losing his hair, or if by chance you yourself are one of those precocious college men who point with pride to your receding hairline and broad forehead, put your father at rest and put away the mirror for baldness is nothing but a manifestation of the second law of thermo-dynamics. Everything in the universe tends toward equilibrium. And since everything in the universe, animate and inanimate shows this tendency there is no cause for worry and conversely no reason to grow lyrical over your maturity. You are just getting to equilibrium a little faster than your more youthful companions.

The perverted outlook on life extends even to the jokes of science people. Paul Shaugnassy who delights in hiding people's books and filling their pockets with empty whiskey bottles, (where he gets them no one knows), thus causing embarrassment and consternation on street cars added to his list of infamies last Monday. The day, the feast of St. Catherine, in accordance with an old and well established tradition all philosophers were given a holiday. That phers were given a holiday. Third year chemist were due at one o'clock but because of a notice

written on a blackboard by this lout Shaugnassy, which said in substance that there would be a special philosophy class for science students at nine in the morning, two of the more gullible students arrived as scheduled at that horrible hour. Needless to say these two gentlemen obviously striving to impress the professor by their application have severed relations with Mr. Shaugnassy.

Let us stress that this is not our fault but rather it is one of the inherent defects of any science course. If you feel like calling us inhuman, blame it on occupational fatigue. To a science student such jokes are part of life and enjoying them even partaking in them is almost a conditioned reflex. When you think of the monsters in the Chem lab think also of the great benefits which mankind has reaped from the efforts of science. Things like sulpha drugs, motion pictures, radios and atomic bombs.

A teacher's life is not the happy one which so many of us imagine. They have their trials and disappointments too. With the results of the recent tests having been published some of the professors are indeed looking very disconsolate and a few of the more gregarious of their numbers seem to miss the moments of pleasant relaxation formerly provided by the now aloof students.

The greatest slaughter of all however, came in Elementary Organic Chem. One of the more learned students left the examination wailing in anguished tones, "I wrote on FOUR." Being a bright student he got every mark that he possibly could, that is—four. Due to the kindness of the correcter who gave everyone a bonus, his final mark was 14. Someone who said that he got zero, lied. He got 16. The boys are not dumb however, they are not morons, they are just the slow plodding type of student who make everything they learn their own.

In keeping with the sentiments of the season Justin Kiselius is carrying a big rock around with the purpose of wishing to all his Polish friends a Merry Christmas. Following Justin's example, though hardly in as exuberant a fashion, may we wish you all a very Merry Christmas and exhort one and all to study very diligently for your examinations—which of course, everyone will.

H. S. Sportlights

By FRED MEAGHER

Football Afterthoughts

That good old after-dinner feeling is with them . . . the dinner has indeed been a feast and the Senior, Junior and Bantam teams are all at peace with the old World. From the appetizer as represented by those first games right down to the main course, which came when the hunger for Championships was with all three of them, the Banquet was very satisfying. Then came the dessert and those cheers of the faithful topped off the 1946 Football Feast . . . yès, sir, a very delectable and easily digested feast if ever there was one . . . let us hope that the future holds many repeats . . .

Hockey and Basketball Beckon

The Campus is silent . . . the cleats have been put away . . . but there is much to do sportswise, so come on you football gladiators, exchange those cleats for a pair of blades or basketball shoes or both, and thus keep that Loyola blood coursing through those veins at the right rate, to make certain that when another football season rolls around there will be a goodly crowd available for the 1947 coaches. Two great games are calling to those who have what it takes and who will answer.

A Resolution that will Pay Off

It's not too soon to start talking of the New Year and resolutions. Just a month and a bit remains of 1946 and then we will have 365 days to do all those things that we may have planned for many years. Here is a thought . . . after you have sincerely made all those important resolutions concerning home and parents and studies, etc., etc., add this little one . . . I resolve that I will during all of 1947 remember that as a student of Loyola I will wholeheartedly interest myself in all sports activities of my school as a participant or spectator . . .

Those Forgotten Few


It seems in the News' last publication many important points and names were omitted from the Bantam writeup that surely should have been mentioned.

The mighty little Bants under the coaching of Mr. Maurice followed such stalwarts as Jack McMullan and Kev O'Neill—two great Seniors of the future. But two do not constitute a team. No, by no means. The twelve men on the field are the team and that's the way the Juniors of tomorrow played—as one great combination of might and power they smashed open line after line to make a tackle, to gain yards and to throw a block.

But who did all this work, you ask—and well might you—they are—Jack McMullan, Kev O'Neill, Jim Dawson, Ken Johnston, La Liberte, Gagnon, Flanagan, Broden, Forbes, Beauregard, McKay and Byrne.

Why write about this team?—the youngest in the school—because they are tomorrow's Juniors and next week's Seniors and they deserve as much credit as anyone—perhaps more. They are the one section in the School and the only team in the league to win four straight pennants.

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Flat-Topics

The "flat", as it is affectionately known by all and sundry (and you, beloved of the Gods, are the "all and sundry") is very flat indeed this week . . . flat on their backs, that is. At present the strongest cry the boys can summon up is to beseech a cigarette to tide them over till the more lucrative days of the month of festivities. For you see, we have bade fond farewell to a long and arduous month fraught with such terrors as Physics, Calculus, and Epistemology (spelling of latter courtesy of an unhappy Junior). Of just what this Epistemology consists the Juniors are not quite sure, and are still glassy-eyed and dazed as a result of their mental efforts. Although it sounds like the name of a Sixteenth Century muzzle-loader they believe it has something to do with the search for TRUTH, and an airtight proof we are all not unconscious . . . In this regard it is their considered opinion that retrospective, and contemplation of the shimmering of the chimera in the abyss will eventually reveal untold wonders.

The Science boys are having their fun and games. Sil Mainville, that August member of Soph., recently discovered that the Calculus, if correctly used, is a wonderful instrument with which to conquer Analytic Geometry. He is now engaged in the prior effort to conquer the Calculus . . . and so the struggle goes merrily on.

Louis Gravel (our Viscount from Quebec) maintains that Senior Ethics should be absorbed slowly, carefully methodically. Dick Kennedy and Bob Fournier, overhearing this sage remark, immediately rushed down to the Lab in search of a suitable solvent with which to impregnate themselves, thus hoping to be able to absorb Ethics properly . . . who knows, maybe the boys have something there . . . desperation breeds hope.

Late the other night while taking a stroll I happened upon a most curious scene. Soothing sounds fell upon my ears, as of some lost soul intoning a primitive chant. It seems that Charlie (Chuck) Meredith was deeply engrossed in trying to hypnotize Jacques (88 keys) Marchessault. Jacques yielding to such mental therapy in hopes that by post-hypnotic suggestion he would be able to remember his Physics that next afternoon . . . Then Jacques attempted the same procedure on Chuck.

Bob Maher, whose head is said to be able to light under water (just like his fountain pen) is now rooming with Gil Ethier, whose head is said to possess the happy faculty of being able to light above water. Well anyway, Gil is so tall that Bob doesn't yet know what he looks like. Such movements among members of our happy family are the direct result of glorious events on the "Flat". We are getting back our combined sitting, loafing, reading, listening, and fishing for cigarettes room. Leisure . . . solid comfort . . . during those long winter nights to come.

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The more optimistic souls on the flat are already looking forward to the Xmas holidays so that they can spend two weeks catching up on their studies.

President Dick Kennedy recently called a press conference. As we entered the flat White House room 326 we perceived Dick seated at his desk, he received us graciously and proceeded proudly to announce the two major accomplishments of his regime, the return of the club "sitting room" and the holding of an Xmas Social,—congratulations Dick.

The only jarring note in the interview was the ignorant and senseless mutterings of Dick's room-mate for whose family's "the McCarney's of Gananoque" we will let remain nameless. It is noted that this same individual, a refugee from the foot-ball field, has of late taken to basketball refereeing.

"Jimmie" Marchessault as he is better known in social circles, not long ago returned with his charming room-mate Charlie Meredith from an exciting tour of Shefford county. This visit undoubtedly must have created quite a sensation amongst the better half of the locals.

Our aristocratic and "L'élégance fait l'homme" Jean Barriere having seriously pondered over the subject, during his European tours, is struggling to convince the community that a new system of education should be adopted—he is not quite sure what system.

Louis Gravel informed the flat prefect that he needed to go to his beloved Quebec City to purchase a pair of pants, but alas the prefect has convinced Louie the local haberdashers can remedy his embarrassing position.

Ray (I'm gonna flunk) Badeski and Carol (how many times have you gone over your matter) Laurin, have a great time discussing the amount of work they are not doing,—never mind boys we believe you.

Antonia Borrigo and Mark Gervais are on the look-out for one car. Anyone who could be of assistance, kindly forward your advice to any one of these gentlemen.

It is rumored that the entertainment committee has chosen Gil Ethier to act as Santa Claus at the dance. Good luck Gil . . .

Lecture Series In Retrospect

Among the most prominent activities at Loyola, the lecture series has in the past few years become very popular with both students and friends of the college. This year has given us some talks by men of considerable note in their respective fields, known in this continent and in Great Britain. Their subjects have been of a serious nature, and have all dwelt on worldly affairs.

Summarizing briefly, the lecturers have been as follows: Msgr. Fulton Sheen, who spoke on September 18th; his subject was "Signs of our times." He warned, with a note of pessimism, that unless the world were to return to Christian principles another world war was unavoidable.

Rev. Daniel Lord, S.J., who gave his lecture on September 20th, was a little more optimistic when he spoke on "The Christian faces the Atom." Father Lord expressed his belief in a permanent peace in an atomic world.

The next lecturer was H. R. Knickerbocker, expert on affairs in the Middle East, who expounded his opinions in his talk entitled "At the ringside of history." Following his lecture John Eppstein, one of England's most outstanding Catholic laymen, considered post war Europe and the part which the Allies played in rebuilding it.

Finally on December 1 Prof. Watson Kirkconnell, who so willingly traded places with Mortimer Adler, due here in February, gave his talk on present world conditions.

These outstanding speakers will be followed by more. The lecturers in the new year will be Rev. Edmund Walsh, one of the Nuernburg judges; Professor Mortimer Adler; Rev. P. Holloran, president of the University of St. Louis; Doctor Louis F. Budenz, former editor of the New York Daily Worker, and now at the University of Notre Dame.

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EXAM SCHEDULE

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA. This has been re-issued by Sheed and Ward with an excellent introduction by Maisie Ward outlining Newman's life immediately preceding the writing of this book. No further introduction or review is needed for a book such as this.

THE QUEBEC TRADITION. This is an anthology of French Canadian verse and prose selected by **Seraphin Marion** of the University of Ottawa and translated into English by **Watson Kirkconnell** of McMaster University. The book is dedicated to a wish for harmony through better understanding.

II. High

Jan. 7—PM—Elocution.

Jan. 14—PM—Greek, Science.

Jan. 15—AM—Latin, Gram. and
Comp. PM—Algebra.

Jan. 16—AM—English Comp. and
Precepts. PM—Latin Trans.

Jan. 17—AM—English Lit.
PM—Geometry.

The editor wearily mounted the well-worn stairs and resolutely set his course for the 'Flat.' The Reverend Dean of Studies with whom he collided at the Cloister entrance thought he could discern a muttered, lugubrious chant emanating from the lips of this obviously pre-occupied individual. Something akin to "Here beginneth ye olde Rat-Race . . ." sung to the tune of 'Dies Irae,' but then he couldn't be sure and decided that it was probably some sort of apology and so descended, rubbing his bruised shoulder, sadly shaking his head. Meanwhile the Ed. having hardly noticed the impact, heaved himself up the next flight and stood before the door bracing himself for what was to come.

It took little imagination to see what lay behind that portal. The confusion, misdirected industry, arguments and inevitable horse-play, the knee-deep trash, all was an old story to one who had spent most of his college days connected with the old 'rag.' And so squaring his shoulders and gritting his teeth, he opened the door, resolved that whatever the effort the evening deadline would be met. Verily, shock would be a mild word to describe what the editor felt when he beheld the scene before him. Perhaps what struck him first was the intricate design of the flooring, that which he had never before seen for apparently the circulation staff had taken it upon themselves to remove the accumulation of old copy that had reposed thereupon for approximately the past seventeen years. But his reflection upon this phenomena was short lived, for the basket in which current copy is wont to lie caught his eye. Stark incredulity was featured in his glance, for in said basket (mirabile dictu) was a great pile of edited, corrected, checked copy with all the heads attached! Upon recovering his

If the Ed. had hitherto been amazed, the conversation he had just heard caused him, for the first time, to actually doubt his faculties. It was a most inopportune moment for the photographer to arrive and naively state that he had just delivered all the pictures to the engraver, and that by the way he had overestimated costs in his department and could now refund to the business manager \$32.50, and three unused flash bulbs. Even the iron constitution of the Ed. could not withstand this latest bit of news and it took the staff fully fifteen minutes to revive him.

Of course, the next few days brought more of the same. The censors passed every bit of copy that was given to them except the editorial on St. Charles Borromeo which they considered too aesthetic for publication. The printers, too, were marvellously co-operative and the Ed's slightest wish was their command. The Ed., himself

(continued on page 7)




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Loyola Delegation's Report On C.F.C.C.S. Convention

Over the weekend of November 16-17 the annual convention of the Canadian Federation of Catholic Colleges, of which Loyola is a member institution, was held at St. Michael's College in Toronto. Inasmuch as the Federation embraces all students in its member colleges the Loyola delegation feels that a comprehensive if concise report of the events of the conference and the topics discussed is due the student body of this college. In publishing such a report in the News it is hoped that all Loyola men may be given a clear picture of what the C.F.C.C. is, what its aims and objects are and how Loyola fits into it as a member college.

The main business of this year's convention consisted in the profound study of the theme "The Social teaching of the Church and Industry" on the intellectual plane, and the passing of a proposed constitution for the Federation. The conference began on the Friday evening with an informal reception at Newman Hall where registration of the delegates took place. Colleges represented at the conference were Marianopolis of Montreal, Notre Dame of Ottawa, St. Joseph's and Loretto of Toronto, Breggia of London Michaels and the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies of Toronto, Assumption of Windsor, St. Patrick's and the University of Ottawa from Ottawa, and Loyola, among the men's colleges. The introductory session saw Mr. Allan McEachen, the Federation President and Miss Joanne Hughes, vice-president, outline the general character of the conference.

The convention proper began on Saturday morning at St. Michael's with a welcoming address by the very Reverend L. J. Bondy, C.S.B., the superior of the College. Rev. Father Garvey, C.S.B., the moderator of the Federation, then spoke generally of the Social teachings of the church and industry, which topic was to be discussed throughout the morning session. There followed the first of several very excellent papers on the theme read by Miss Sharpe who was to prove one of the leading lights of the entire convention. Following Miss Sharpe's paper the group was broken up into several small cells for round table discussion. This method enabled everyone to present his opinions and as various aspects of the topic were lighted upon the defects of our various modern economic and social systems soon became apparent. The ills of Capitalism and the various collective systems such as Communism and the different types of Socialism were seen to be many. How the social teachings of the Church could be applied to remedy these wrongs and supplant such faulty ideals was revealed. A general session followed at which the findings of each group were compared and integrated. Differences of opinion were quite frequent and lent interest to the proceedings. When the paper had been completely discussed there was no one among the delegates who had not learned a great deal and the find-

Nightmare

(continued from page 6)

grew thin and haggard and was reported to be eating naught but stale bread and to be smoking a carton of cigarettes per day, and it soon seemed that he would never last 'till publication date. The M.E. was noted as being prepared to write another 'Tower' should the Ed. not survive.

Then at last came the day and our hero, the merest shadow of a man, standing nervously by the switchboard was heard to mutter over and over, "Please, God, let them be late, let them be late." But alas, they weren't, for at the exact hour specified, the issue arrived and there on hand was the most efficient circulation staff imaginable, who within half an hour had done their work so well that even Bro. Wolke who was busy shovelling snow off the refectory roof had his copy. A single straw of hope was left to the editor as he nervously opened the beautiful green page. But alas it was not to be as he wished for every name was correct and the most careful of examinations could not even reveal even a misplaced comma.


He weakly descended to the smoker and it was in that sancta sanctorum there awaited him the unkindest shock of all. For on every side the students, even the sceptics among them could do nothing but mutter the loftiest of praises of this issue among issues and as they crowded around the poor lad, he was seen almost to disintegrate before their eyes.

His poor, long-suffering, mother found him on the floor of his room, beating his head against the desk leg while he tore the hair from his scalp in great bunches. It was reported to have taken her half an hour and four cups of coffee before he could be convinced that the whole episode of the 'perfect issue' was nothing but a bad dream brought about by too much smoked meat and pickle the night before. Once convinced, however, he headed for the College and the worry of getting out the next issue with the lightest of hearts.

Our Ed. had quite a day following his terrible hallucination for he was seen to skip up the stairs in a most carefree manner, deftly dodging the Rev. Dean as he sung out the most pleasant Good Morning. He entered the 'room' joyfully noting its usual disordered state, kissed the handsome Feature Editor on both cheeks when that individual confessed to not having carried out his assignment, and the entire staff were surprised to hear a cry of jubilation escape him instead of the expected wrathful one when he spied the nearly empty copy basket. "Same old News," he shouted, "Same old slaphappy News."

(continued on page 10)

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Sportively Speaking

By John Meagher

Those of you who are new to Loyola or who started here after 1940 never knew or heard of Art Welbourne. No, he wasn't any football or hockey whiz; he never walked off with Kid Glove trophies, but he did have a very talented pen, and he used this gift to the best of his ability in promoting school spirit. There was one of his masterpieces that impressed us so much that we spent a whole Saturday afternoon going through the News Room trying to find that issue in which this article appeared. After several hours of fruitless toil we finally came up from under a huge pile of 1940 Editions of the News with the article in hand. It was entitled, "Don't be a 3.30 student." There are parts of it which are really worth reprinting here. Everyone of us who has been at all reluctant in supporting Loyola activities can get a good lesson from it.

"In every College there is always a certain percentage of the student body who fail to evince the slightest interest in any of the myriad extra-curricular activities that give a college "spirit", and life, and vitality. It is beside the point to debate whether they do so from a complete lack of understanding of the meaning and purpose of College life—to make a complete man—or whether callousness or negligence or plain indifference is the root of their apathetic attitude towards college activities. To all practical intents and purposes, they are deadwood drifting aimlessly and uselessly down the stream of college life.

"Here at Loyola the tempo is vital, pulsating, throbbing. Life here is vibrant and electric. We have no room here for slackers or shirkers; our time is too crowded and packed with causes to waste time bothering with the driftwood along the way. Loyola must move ever onward! We must answer the clarion call! We must take up the challenge! There are those who have never kicked a football or laced on skates for a Maroon and White team; who have yet to be seen in the stands cheering with Loyola colours hanging from their lapels . . . The ones who never take part in Dramatics and who display not the slightest interest in the News and The Review hurt only themselves and miss a large part of the happiness and camaraderie of these four walls. . . . Here at Loyola we call these students "3.30 Students", for as soon as the last bell sounds they are not seen again until the next morning's classes. As I said before Loyola is gifted with but few of these parasites, but to those few I would say that you are missing all that makes College life sweet, you are failing to build up those friendships and associations that will last throughout life. Be loyal to Loyola and give your best in the classrooms, on the campus, for the societies, everywhere!"

There you have a brief excerpt from the writing of a man who really took advantage of the facilities offered to Loyola students by the societies of Loyola. This subject may not be entirely athletic, but athletics as well as the other activities will benefit if you, the members of the student body come to your senses and learn to appreciate the true value of football,

hockey, debating and acting; and learn, too, to find pleasure in giving happiness to others by means of the Sodality, the News and The Review.

No longer do the three "R's" of 'Readin, 'Riting and 'Rithmetict, comprise an education. The essence of a good education are subjects which do the most in building fine and upright characters. Extra-curricular activities do just this. So, get the most out of the coming term by crowding the News Room, attending the Sodality and K.B.S. meetings, trying out for parts in the various plays, and fighting for oppositions on the hockey, boxing and track teams. But whatever you do, don't be a 3.30 student for although school begins at nine o'clock, the activities begin at four, and at that time all you Johns will become alert, keen and enthusiastic boys rather than the dull ones so often discussed in the age-old saying.


Hickory Highlights

By The Laminated Loons

Since times are as they are and the weather is as it is, and this column has been as it has been, we struck upon an idea.

We thought it might be a good plan to whip a little bit of a reading public by writing something of a different calibre than that which usually jerks out of this pen, something of a more serious, more educational tone, to fit in with the serenity of events. But we must remember, (you, I, the mumbler below, our pal from Long Island, N.Y.) all four of us staunch supporters of the H.H., that what is written here is what has first to be written on the daring slopes of St. Sauveur; that what is uttered here has first to be uttered under the lights of Murray Hill Park, or seen at the Chalet, or at the jump at Cote des Neiges that which is quoted here has first to be heard over the long red tables of the Pub, or the Oak wood tables of the Alpine, or the coffee stained stained tables at Phoberts; that what is discussed here must first be discussed over a peanut butter and lettuce at Mrs. Blais'.

Ergo, with our numerous reporters here and there down in the smoker, up on the fifth



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ALL ALUMNI

Your

Christmas Eve Mass

Dec. 24th

In The

DOMESTIC CHAPEL

Everyone Is Invited

floor, throughout the High School, Bill's, Mrs. Blais', high and low in this lively college community of ours, prying into every conversation, encouraging when ever they see the opportunity at a little more winter wind talk, and walking away for nothing better to do whenever the skates are put on—with these little men searching out material, we have little more to do than sit back in this sumptuous news office of ours and wait for reports.

It is interesting to hear from downtown Montreal, that, with the recent visit of Hans Schneider, our Father of Modern Skiing, to Pete 'Shag's' Sport Shoppe atop Morgan's Department Store (where nothing but the best of Ski equipment sells itself daily to the best and worst of "skiers" alike: after-ski-boots, after-ski-jackets, after-ski-pants—and all those other necessities that go to make a fellow a "skier" and not merely a skier)—but as we began to say, it is interesting to hear that with the recent visit of Hannes Schneider to the above sport shop, a circle of Loyola men were gathered about the greying old man and his show case of imported "Swiss" skis. They were apparently more intrigued with what he had to say about the qualities of this product on the Sixth floor of Morgan's than ever these same students were with the qualities of the Greek and Roman

drama on the fifth floor of the Administration Building.

They were on the verge of buying these skis, so interested were they in the "cut," "the finish," "the grain," "the groove," "the nob," "the Oomph," "the edge," "the tip," until someone casually noticed a sixty-five written in obscurity on the back of one, and since questions were in order, (or how else would they know the difference between a ski and a toboggan) he asked about it. Yes! It turned out to be the price; and so, with a few frightened back-steps and some rather awkward and embarrassed colloquies, the boys retreated from this fine old man of skiing, and moved over to the next stall

(continued on page 9)



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Around the Campus with Egbert . . .



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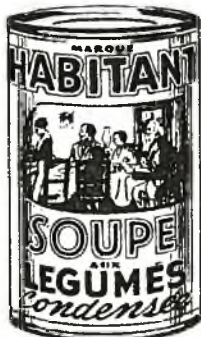
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AROUND THE CAMPUS

By Bob Boyle

Whether you like it or not (and we imagine the majority will lean towards the former) basketball will hold the limelight in the college athletic program during the winter if for no other reason than because of the ban imposed on intercollegiate hockey.

We don't intend to maintain that basketball hasn't its rightful place in college sports, but what we don't understand, and there are many who agree with us, is why basketball is allowed and hockey barred. True, a good number of prospective college players have lined up with outside clubs, but in the majority of cases, these men did not sign until they were assured that a college team would not be entered in an intercollegiate league.

The Inter-Provincial league, of which Loyola were champions last season, had planned an extensive expansion of their loop, but the Loyola entry was dropped, it is reported due to the extra expense, and if this report is true we heartily agree that the expense would be too heavy for the college to bear considering the small gates that would be drawn; but we definitely can't understand this "close down" policy on hockey.

We hear that a petition has been filed with the LCAA for the entry of at least an Intermediate squad, and while we don't particularly approve of the Intermediate organization, certainly such a request shouldn't go unheeded.

The big question in this whole program is what will the effect of a "hockeyless" season be on Loyola morale. It seems that this is one point that is overlooked. An Intercollegiate program is of great benefit to a college both from the standpoint of college spirit, and the college name. Perhaps next year, if hockey is renewed, the year's idleness won't have done much damage, but it's quite possible that it will be a long time before a Loyola hockey team will reach the high level of past years.

Interscholastic Basket Tourney. Two of the high school teams will be entered in an Interscholastic basketball tournament sponsored, by the Montreal Basketball League on Dec. 14. The Juniors and Seniors will be the Loyola representatives, and with the event being a school wide affair the high schoolers are going to be in for a hard time.

Intramural steps to the front. A change of policy has brought Intramural sports into the feature attraction department. The basketball league has been rolling along in good style, and prospects for a hockey league are bright. The hockey setup can be formed into a Wednesday and Sunday night affair if agreeable to all, or, as John Meagher in his Sportively Speaking pillar says, a Wednesday or Friday night party.

Turning to Intramural basketball for a moment, Sophomore Arts seems to be leading the league in all departments. The Sophs haven't lost a contest and should go through the season undefeated.

There have been a number of Intramural games postponed due to high school or college practices. We don't know where the blame lies, but we do know that due to the conflict of class schedule it's almost impossible to replay any postponed games. It might be an idea for the LCAA to get together with the coaching (staffs) to fit in practice hours with game times.

Hickory

(continued from page 8)

where they inquired about the price of ping-pong balls.

We were intending to talk about ski clothes and equipment, a subject of interest to all, and if Bob (?) Boyle will be so kind as to pull up his sleeve, we will inject it here.

Therefore, for the benefit of all those who have ever gone so far as to slide a well fitted ski over a fresh fall of snow, or sat by the light and warmth of a log fire in Nymarks with his legs stretched out and the mischievous glass by his side, we have enlisted the assistance of a number of well-known and accomplished skiers.

Our first expert is Mr. Scarpeleggia, who is met in the narrows between the book store and the library, and is engaged by Loon No. 1 in the following manner:

Loon No. 1:—Is your name Mr. Scarpele-ah, Scarpagile—

Scarp: — Yes, it's something like that, I think.

Loon No. 1:—Our reading public is clamouring for a word from you. I represent the Loyola News . . .

Scarp:—You're right, I've got something to say. That . . . Loyola News owes me a lot of—

Mr. McNaughton: Ahem, — thank you very much, Mr. Scarpeleggia. Now who did you say was next, Loon?

Loon No. 1:—Well now, let me see. . . Yes, Mr. McNaughton, I believe it was you.

Mr. McNaughton: I'll have you know, young man, I'm the Business Manager of this paper, and I don't intend to have my name abused by any cub reporter.

Loon No. 1:—Now, Mr. McNaughton. Please! It's just a simple question. Oh, there's Father Dean. Oh, Father Dean? Father Dean?? Father? . . . ?? Ahhh, missed him. Let's see, who's next. Oh yes, Billy Callaghan. He's usually found in the library. . . hello, father; did you correct the papers? Oh, did I? . . . Excuse me . . . Ah, there he is. Oh, Bill, OK if I sit here?

Bill:—Please do. Can't you see the beauty of this sentence? (In ecstasy) Qui, guid, quod, quomodo, ubi, quare . . .

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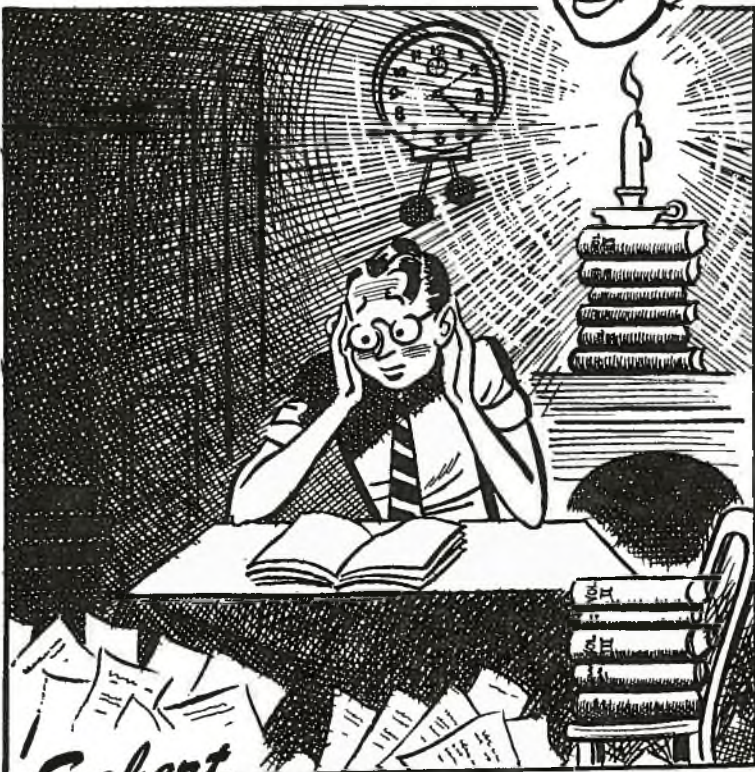
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Under The Shower

It has been two weeks since the last issue of the News but strangely enough nothing out of the ordinary has occurred about the College. Nothing particularly out of the ordinary, that is. We must not forget the recent formation of that cultural and artistic group known as the Freshman Glee Club and Choral Society. This worthy organization has been practising in the Smoker for the last week or so and the mighty volume of sound that they generate has filled the Administration Building with discordant echoes. To be serious though for a moment this event marks a turning point in the career of most Freshmen, since it marks the true beginning of their cultural lives here at the College.

The ring leaders of this movement seem to be Paul 'Perry Como' Gallagher, Bob 'John McCarmack' Bulger, and Pat 'Caruso' Norris. It is also rumoured that Vince Conlin famed for his solo in that famous aria 'One Meat Ball' will join. We are practically certain that he will join the F. G. C. & C. S. for he was recently seen in a new suit coat. This is a sure sign as almost anyone will tell that Vince is beginning to see the light and is coming to the true cultural aspect of things. Well done, Vince, you are now becoming a true College man.

Well, the much heralded trip to the Toronto Canadian Federation of College Students has now become history. Judging by all reports it was a huge success and we hear that John Walsh in particular distinguished himself. Speaking about John we hear that he is really taking his part in the coming Flat play very seriously. It seems that John in attempting to perfect himself in the portraying of difficult roles has taken up the study of acting as taught by the Russian masters. John has, of late, been attempting (and succeeding) to portray such inane personalities as coat hangers and bath-tubs. Of course, actors of such spirits as John are few and far between and you may be sure that John will triumph in his final and greatest experiment, that of portraying the inside of a bottle. What courage!

Last time out we had occasion to mention the struggles of the Seniors in their never ending quest for knowledge. In the matter of Organic Chemistry it was simply a case of, we came, we saw, we were conquered. Things are so bad that various members of the class are laying wagers that some of them will knock off a mark considerably less than zero. Of course this is ridiculous for tradition has it that even if you only write your name on the paper you get fifteen marks. Come to think of it, knowing some of the Seniors as we do we're not so sure about those fifteen marks at that.

"Intimate notes from our little Black Book"—Greg Driscoll who apparently has the role of the 1st Player in Hamlet sewn up, must be working overtime on those lines 'to sleep, to sleep, etc.', for that's just what he did do the other day in Chemistry. Paul Shaughnessy, eminent scientist, was recently conducting his version of the Numbers Racket. Only difference with Shag is that he calls it the 'Social Welfare Fund!' It seems that Walsh and Doherty had to kick through with 25 and 22 cents each. Could that be the reason for those dark, surly glances these gentlemen have been casting in Shag's direction of late?

The worthy executive of Freshman class recently made known the main details of the annual Freshman Social. As is customary the big affair is scheduled to take place on the night after Christmas. For quite a while the Freshies were in a dither about what to call the soiree. Finally some genius hit on the term "turkey trot." Now at first glance this title may seem straightforward enough

Delegation

(Continued from Page 7)

to relate. Her description of the set up of the various organizations, the terrible privations facing European students, the methods of infiltration practised by the Communists in gaining control of several of these groups was truly a revelation.

Sunday afternoon sessions dealt with the clarifying of aims of the Federation and the passage of a Constitution as well as the election of officers. The main object of the Federation was defined as the aiding in the integral formation of the Catholic student. Closer relations between Catholic students throughout the country, the broadening of student activity, the widespread publication and dissemination of Catholic student opinion and the defense of the interest of Catholic students were set down as further aims of the Federation. Space does not permit publication of the entire constitution, but anyone who may be interested in viewing it or in obtaining further information concerning the Federation may apply to the News Room, and the delegates would be very happy to supply whatever information they can to anyone desiring it.

No mention has been made thus far of the wonderful hospitality the Loyola Delegation received at the hands of their hosts. The many social gatherings, the pleasant meals enjoyed at the different Toronto colleges were indeed grand, and those who organized the convention, deserve especial credit for their excellent handling of what must have been a tremendously difficult effort. The appreciation of the delegates from Loyola is certainly deep and abiding, and the convention will always remain in their minds as a very wonderful experience.

The Executive officers of the Federation elected for the coming year, are Dr. Lynch of the Institute of Medieval Studies, president; Miss Sharpe, vice president; and Miss Joanne Hughes, secretary. Rev. Father F. W. Noll, S.J., has accepted the post of chaplain.

but something we have just heard caused us to change our minds. In fact Mario Gross was overheard to ask Cuddles Camirand whether the turkey was to be served 'before' or 'after' the evening's entertainment. As expected, Champ reassured him that the turkey would be served 'before'—about one day before. But Mario is still doubtful, he suspects that someone is playing a poor joke on him . . . what some people expect for a buck seventy five! (Oh, yes, plus tax.)

William 'Deuce' Kennedy is at it again: this time Deuce of bowling fame is concerned in more weighty and important matters. Strange as it may seem, Deuce is not always the carefree young play boy and man about town. No, sir, even Deuce has his serious moments. Why, at present he is conducting secret experiments in nuclear fission. Just the other day one of his chain reactions backfired and exploded right in Deuce's face. Some ignorant Arts men whom Deuce instructs in Physics Lab. leaped into the room and commenced to berate the benumbed and befuddled Deuce. But Deuce, man of iron that he is, summoned every last bit of will power and controlled himself. He then chased the unbelievers out of his cell and returned, ever patient and ever hopeful, to his important researches. Men such as Deuce will never be daunted by infidels and unbelievers such as Arts men. Science marches on!

Flash!—It has just been reported to us that the noted Irish Ballad singer Joe McArdle has consented to join the aforementioned F.G.C. & C. S. We suspected such a move all along and it will come as no surprise to those in the know. Above all Joe (and the other illustrious members of the Group) 'Music hath charms to sooth the savage Beast'. At least this maxim proves we are not beasts; so please, fellows . . . SHUT UP!

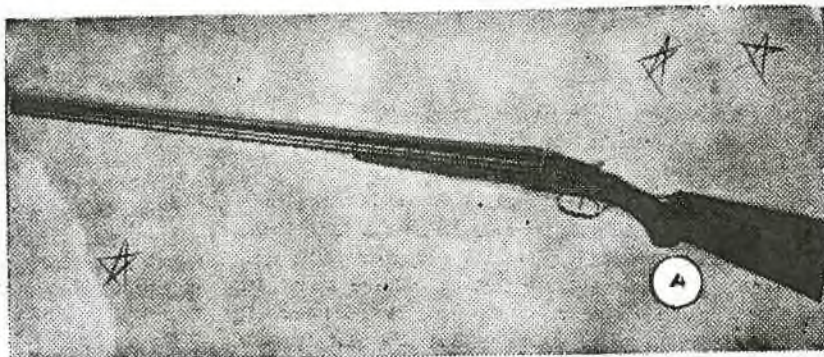
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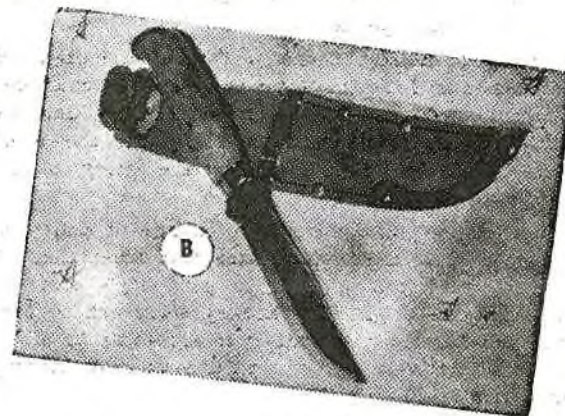
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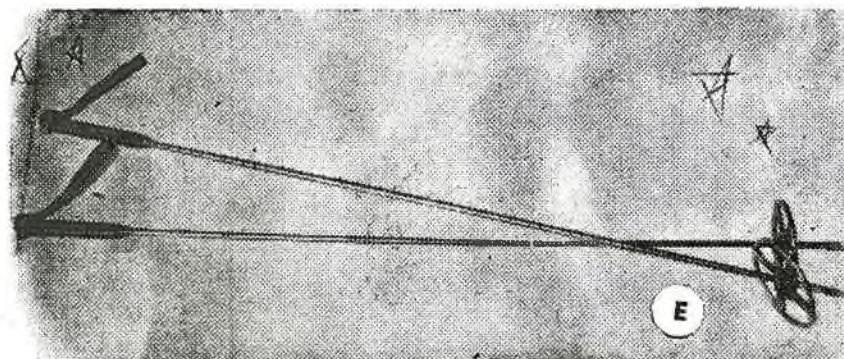
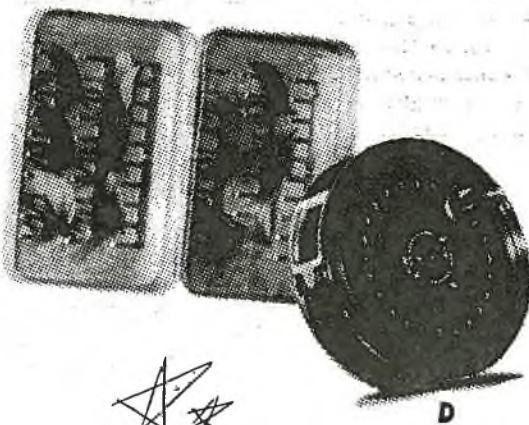
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